

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,  
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes  
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field:  
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

*Dow.* I feare thou art another counterfeite:  
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a King:  
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,  
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the King being in danger,*

*Enter Prince.*  
*Prin.* Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like  
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits  
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my Armes;  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas flyeth.*  
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?  
Sir *Nicholas Ganssey* hath for succour sent,  
And so hath *Clifton*: He to *Clifton* straight.

*King.* Stay, and breath awhile.  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,  
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

*Prin.* O heauen, they did me too much injury,  
That euer said I hearkned to your death.  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,  
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,  
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,  
And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

*K.* Make vp to *Clifton*, He to Sir *Nicholas Ganssey*. *Exit*  
*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.  
*Prin.* Thou speak'st it as if I would deny my name.  
*Hot.* My name is *Harry Percie*.

*Prin.* Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.  
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,  
To share with me in glory any more:  
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,  
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,  
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come  
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,  
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* He make it greater ere I part from thee,  
And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,  
He crop to make a Garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*  
*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no  
Boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down*  
*as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.*

*Hot.* Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:  
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,  
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,  
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:  
But thought's the slave of Life, and Life, Times foole:  
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,  
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,  
Lies on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust,  
And food for —

*Prin.* For *Worrier*, braue *Percy*. Farewell great hearts:  
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunked:  
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:  
But now two paces of the vilest Earth  
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,  
Beares not aliuie so stout a Gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,  
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.  
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
And euen in thy behalfe, He thanke my selfe  
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderesse.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.  
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh  
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:  
I could haue better spar'd a better man.  
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,  
If I were much in loue with Vanitie.  
Death hath not stricke so fat a Deere to day,  
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:  
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,  
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye.

*Falstaffe riseth vp.*  
*Fal.* Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, He  
giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.  
Twas time to counterfeite, or that hottie *Termagan* Scot,  
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeite? I am no coun-  
terfeite; to dye, is to be a counterfeite, for hee is but the  
counterfeite of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But  
to counterfeite dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be  
no counterfeite, but the true and perfect image of life in-  
deede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the  
which better part, I haue saued my life. I am affraide of  
this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee  
should counterfeite too, and rise? I am afraid hee would  
proue the better counterfeite: therefore He make him lye  
yea, and He sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as  
well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no bodie  
sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh  
come you along me. *Takes Hotspur on his backe.*

*Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.*  
*Prin.* Come Brother *Iohn*, full bransely hast thou bested  
thy Maiden sword.

*Iohn.* But soft, who haue we heere?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliuie?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?  
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes  
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but  
if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a *Iacke*: There is *Per-  
cy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, for if not, let him  
kill the next *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or  
Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen  
to Lying: I graunt you I was downe, and our of Breath,  
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought  
along houre by *Shrewsburie* clocke. If I may bee belee-  
ued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beate  
the sinne vpon their owne heads. He take's on my death  
I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-  
liue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece  
of my sword.

*Iohn.* This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *Iohn*.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:  
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,  
He gi'll d it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

*A Retreat is sounded.*  
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:  
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*  
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. Hee that re-  
wards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,  
He grow lesse: For He purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue  
cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

## Scena Quarta.

*The Trumpets sound.*  
*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,*  
*Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &*  
*Vernon Prisoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.  
Ill-spined *Worcester*, did we not send Grace,  
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?  
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?  
Mistake the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?  
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,  
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had bene aliuie this houre,  
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne  
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.  
*Wor.* What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,

And I embrace  
Since not to be  
King. Beare  
Other Offender

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*Prin.* The N

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The Noble *Perce*

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The *Douglas* is,

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*King.* With

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*King.* Then

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FINIS.

